

visit some of the places mentioned in that book, and to see for myself some of the wonders described. Especially was I interested in the account of a swarm of locusts. It was, then, with a thrill of excitement that I heard that I should probably experience one in the Argentine.

I had often heard the locusts spoken of and plans discussed for exterminating them—an apparently hopeless task—but a year passed, and I saw nothing of the millions that I heard ravaged the country for miles round. One day, however, the children and I were returning from our morning bath in the mountain stream, when we saw down in the Plain, some sixteen miles away, a cloud moving along, which the children explained was a dust cloud. As we were then staying at a place high up among the Andes, and far away from any dusty roads or town, I thought this was not likely; so I suggested locusts, and then they agreed it might be. This proved right, and off and on for the rest of the day I watched this ever-moving mass; and when, towards evening, it vanished, I was told the creatures had settled.

Three days afterwards they reached us, and we got up from our siesta to find the air alive with them, and the people in the surrounding ranchos lighting fires and clanking tins, in the hope of keeping them off their little gardens. After some hours the locusts settled, and the whole landscape was changed from green to dull red. Every tree, post, railing became a living mass, and so heavily weighted were the branches of the trees that many were broken off. It was a wonderful sight. The next day the locusts dropped from the trees to the ground, and then it became impossible to walk without treading on them, and putting up a cloud of them. They stayed with us three days, and then rose, and continued their flight up the valley, leaving the country bare of anything green whatever. Sad, indeed, was the devastation, and bad enough for us, but how much worse for the poor people

in the ranchos, who depended upon selling their garden produce for a living.

As every family was expected to assist in clearing them off the land, our Indians were sent out to collect them in sacks (the Government pays so much a sack for them), and they were just swept up. Needless to say, this was a very inadequate way of dealing with such vast numbers. Fortunately, in that part of the Argentine such a swarm was rather unusual.

## CEYLON.

Having been just twelve days in Ceylon, six of which have been spent among the tea-covered hills of Nuwana Elija, one feels perfectly competent, from a globe-trotter's point of view, to write and describe Colombo and its inhabitants. In spite of this being my first glimpse of the East, somehow it all seems familiar. The slow-moving bullock carts, the yellow-robed priests with their shaven heads and accompanying umbrella and fan, the steady, loping trot of one's streaming rickshaw coolie, the feathery palms and tattered plantains—one has read of them all so often, that the whole panorama, even the ever-varying procession of semi-naked, brown humanity comes as a well-known and often-imagined sight.

Yesterday we took the tram and went all down Main Street to Victoria Bridge and back by a long circuit through the native quarter. There is a saying in Australia that all bad temper and language may be forgiven a bullock drover, surely the same latitude ought to be extended to the driver of a Colombo electric tram through the "Pettah." To start with the roads are so narrow that only one cart can pass a tram at a time, and over the metals stray mangy chickens, high-smelling goats, frisky bullock-calves dragging their attendants, endless children, and always the ever-present



bullock-cart plods along, the driver sitting on the yoke-bar prodding his patient pair impartially. The bullocks are generally branded all over with fancy patterns, for though a Buddhist will never kill an animal, it doesn't seem to matter to him how much unnecessary pain he causes it. The little crowded native shops, "boutiques" they are called, line both sides of the road, the owner and most of his family sitting among his wares, and his numerous friends lolling around discussing affairs.

With delightful frankness every ceremony of domestic life is transacted in the open. There sits the barber on the floor of his shop shaving his client, head, neck, and arms, perhaps leaving a fancy tuft of hair poodle-wise on the top of his skull. Is this left like the Mussulman's top knot, and the Chinaman's pig-tail, for the angel of Death to haul him up to heaven by? By the nearest stand-pipe, which a thoughtful municipality has placed at intervals along the pavement, a youngster is being soaped all over by his mother, and will then be put under the tap. In open doorways lounge the mothers with the tiny babies gossiping together in the evening hour, as is the custom all over the world. And the babies! just imagine them! with no adornment but their native brown chubbiness, perhaps set off by a silver coin or bracelet, more often by a string tied tightly round their little middles, presumably to prevent a catastrophe after a too-abundant meal of rice and curry, possibly to catch hold of them by, for the bare brown skin looks very sleek and shiny. Could anything be more delightful than a three or four-year-old teaching a still smaller one to walk, all without a thread of clothing. The poorest babies are the best off, as clothes are apparently a mark of wealth and position, the grander native children being dressed à la Europeans. I saw a quaint little trio in starched white and correct brown stockings and shoes, with heavy silver bangles round the ankle. The comic medley of costume is the thing that attracts one's

eye the most. I cannot get used to seeing a natty bowler surmounting the cingalese combed back knob of hair, or a correct tweed coat and waitcoat, finished off with a tight petticoat of the same material instead of the more orthodox continuations. The grooms and chauffeurs look queer somehow, too, when their neatly-strapped puttees end in bare brown feet.

The people look happy and contented, the children especially are full of fun. Surely, if anywhere, one ought to be happy in this beautiful island, either in fair Colombo, with its red roads bowered deep in blossoming trees and its luxuriant vegetation surrounding every house; or further up country where the hills roll one behind the other under cloud-strewn skies till Adam's Peak towers above all, veiling its pointed crown in the very heavens. G.V.

## THE SKRIBBLINGS OF SMILEY POG.

### CHAPTER WUN.

Wenn peepul beeginn ritinge abbowt there travells, thay allwaies tork abbowt themsellvs, butt I am nott goinge to doo enniethinge of thee kynde, beecaws know wun is inntrested inn mee.

Butt jest lett mee saie thatt I beegann lyfe inn a smawl howss inn Kennsington (doo yew no wear Kennsington is? itt is thee parte of Englund wear Barkur livs, Jonn Barkur, of corss, I mene), and was four sumtyme undur the handes of a well-noan Fasshunur of Potterie, "B.V.," it is shee thatt has givern mee ennie charme I maie hav.

Wot am I lyke? well! doant immagern biewtie inn cullur ore forme, beecaws their isernt ennie.

Mye hed is too large four mye boddie, I hav ears lyke a batt, ande I shoold bee a splenndid addvurtissmint four a fayce creem (befour yewss), beecaws mye fayce is cuvurd with lynes.



Eyes—wyte with a kattlyke streek of darke akross thee sentur.

Knows—brord and stumpie, nott att awl klassik.

Chinn—poyntid with a depe klefft inn thee middul, ande

Culluring—sumwot inn thee stile of a Ternur landscaip inn a missed.

Butt thee karakturisstik feecheur in mye Mowthe—large and opern, with sutch ann irrisistible kurv inn itt, thatt evrie wun smyles thatt looks att mee.

Yew saie thatt this disscripshurn givs know idear of “charme”! Telle mee, wot is “charme”? Hav not sum of thee peepul thatt hav leest klayme to biewtie, eyethur of feecheur ore forme, ann indeefynibble sumthinge, inneksplik-kibble, butt awl thee saim allyouringe?

Sew itt must bee withe mee I spose, fore surtinnlie I hav fassernaytid mor thann wun pursun, ande thay wear nott awl of thee “weekur sekx.” (I leve yew to deesyde to witch I reefur.)

Their! I hav bean torkinge of myeself arftur awl, ande even now I hav sed nuthing of mye slennur armes and leggs, ande longe feat, mye winges, ande mye peacox fethur allwaies worn att thee bak of mye hed, ande to krown awl (know! know! thatt givs a rong impresshurn!) mye tale withe itts belle. (I fele sumhow as tho their ort to bee a preestlie kanndel sumwear.)

Too ears aggo I aryvd inn Brassill undur sumwot depressinge surkumstinssis, havinge, inn fakt, bean titelie pakt inn Jane's kabbinn tronc fore a foughnrite.

O! howe gladd I was to sea daielite wunss mor, butt deare mee! wot heet, and wot a jargon of unnoan tungs surrowndid mee.

Wee kaim inn thee “Ayvun,” ande hadd a deelitefull passidge inn spight of thee feeling of beeinge karst addrift onn ann unnoan see.

Brassill. Sew farr from evrie wun wee new—wood thee klymitt kill us? wot wood our immeejiut surrowndings bee? Howe cood wee enjure thee loanliness? Sutch wear sum of our thorts wenn leavinge deare olde England.

Tyme is kynde, ande wun forchoonittlie meats menne ande wimmin evriwear hoo are kinndrid inn spiritt, ande withinn twenntie for ours of our aryvel, was beegunn wun of thee reeul frenshipps witch hav mennt sew mutch to us. Deare mee! howe senntimenntul even a Smiley Pog cann bee wenn hee *thincks*—“argal” I sharnt thinck, butt “smyle ande smyle ande be a . . .” know, nott yett, Frend Willium, nott yett!

Butt to reeturn to Purnambookoo, thee sean of the events inn mye Poggie lyfe fore thee parst fiew munths. Thee furst ryde I hadd was onn the hed of a “carriecaddore,”\* hoo warkd with a steddie swing from the Lingwetta† to the Pensions Fronsays,‡ wear Jane hadd to staye wyle waitinge for thee fammlie with hoom shee was to liv.

Our room ovurlookt thee “bonde”§ lyne; now plese doan't runn awaie with ennie romanntik idear of konnekting lincs beetwene us ande ours, fore hear, “bonde,” inn thee forme of a miewl tramm, sudjessts a seppurayshurn from, ande ann unsurtinn aryvel att givern poynts.

To us duringe thatt furst tenn daies, bondes mennt mutch, ande wear orfen watcht inn thee hoap thatt thee wun ore too fayses awlreddie noan to us mite bee their.

Lyfe inn thee Pensions Fronsays was nott verrie kongeeniul, moust of the penshionurs—or wotevur thay are kawled—wear sekkundrate frenshmenne konnektid withe thee

\*CARREGADORS are porters who carry the luggage, furniture etc., from place to place on their heads.

†LINGUETTA. The quay at the Port of Recife.

‡PENSION FRANÇAISE.

§BONDS. The name given to the mule trams, originating in some confusion as to “shares” in the Company.



Porte\* wurks (thay genrullie dranke wisskie tho!), ande wee wear kwite plesed wenn Mistur H. kaim to fetch uss awaie.

I was aggane stufft into a trunc witch follode Jane to thee Rooah-dar-Roarer.†

Upp, upp wee wentt to thee topp of thee howss, stopinge to tayke breth, ande kollekt our thorts onn thee larst landing.

Thenn wee kaim, saw ande konkurred . . . our feelings as besst wee mite.

Too yung Brassilliun gurls kaim forwurd inn wellkum, arskinge inn eksellent frensh if wee wear welle?

Thee room inn witch we wear was lyke a bear attik; a sofar, ande a few chares araynged att rite angels to itt, uther chares grewpt inn toos and threes rownde thee wawls, a tyme-taybel inn thee sentur, ande know karpetts or hangings of ennie sought. Add to thiss, fyve elligunt and valleyewbul spessimins of potterrie (konsiddered to bee inndis-spenssibul inn a Brassilliun howss) playst konnspikyewslie onn thee flore, ande yew hav sum idear of thee "mise-en-scène"—Jane gayv mee thiss wurd, I doan't no wot itt menes, but shee saies itt looks welle!

Thee elldur gurl beegann katturkysinge Jane (hoo alwaies taykes thee leed wenn shee ande I are toogethur inn sosyettie levinge mee to doo thee smylinge), ande reeullie itt was awlmoast mor thann mye gravittie cood stande, wenn thee kwestchurn was arskt, "Cann yew teche? Hav yew hadd ennie ekspeariunnss?" Itt seamd sew kwaynt fore thee guvurniss to bee thuss kwestchurnd bye thee pewpill!

Arftur a siewtibbul reeplye from thee Guvurness, thee muthur of thee gurls apierd, and konnvursayshurn kon-tinnyewd hawltiniglie as Jane cood nott speke porchoogeese, ande Maddum L. cood ownlie speke hur oan langwidge.

\*THE PORT WORKS. There is a fine new port being made at Recife, contracted for by a French Company.  
†RUA-D'AURORA.

Arftur a shawt tyme wee wear shoan our bedd-room.

A large cubburd operning out of thee sit-inge room; know lite ore ayre exsept wot kaim from thee windoes of thee "sarlar" ore threw thee topp of a syde dore witch was nott yewsed. A tynie tinn baysinn and washstande, smawl taybel, ande lookinge-glarss farsend to thee wawl, thee innevertibble sofar, wun chare, and sum hooks fore hanginge wun's clothes (ore wuns sellf, akkording to thee mood wun happerned to bee inn!) kompleats thee liste of "valleyewbul effekts!"

Well! well! thinges mite hav bean wurss, mutch wurss, ande wee soon addaptid oursellvs to our knew surrowndings.

Know remarx nead bee mayde abbowt highgene ande sannytarrie arayngemints, as their wear nun to reemarke upponn, butt itt is reemarkibbul thatt wee wear nott bothe ill, wenn I telle yew thatt erlie "Koffie," consisiting of tee withowt milke, and harf a lofe (bettur thann know bred yew saie!) cutt inn too, toested and butturd—arfternoon tee ande suppur (saim menoo) wear genrullie taykin inn our oan room, beecaws thee "sarlar" was sew orfen inn yewss.

A wark evrie daie allong thee bonde lynes—to avoyd thee chance of beeinge lorst—a kwyett mynde ande a smylinge fayce didd mutch to kepe uss well.

O! I foregott to saie thatt thee furst plaice Misstur H. took uss to onn aryvinge was thee Brittish Konsulait, wear wee mett thee "Pardrie." Jane yewsst to go on Sondaie to thee cherch to hear himm praie and preche, ande laytur shee sungd inn thee kwire, ande felit less allone.

Our meles, I mene brekfust ande dinnur, wear tayken upp-stares onn a sought of landinge with thee kitchinn leadinge orf itt. Thee food was plenntifull (of greece), butt baddlie cookt. Evriethinge beeing plaiced onn thee taybil att wunss, yew cood sea att a glarnss (if yew hadd thee curridge to tayke



rtt) wott was their. "Fayshowng"\* and "Fareenyer" wear allwaies eetun bye thee Brassilliuns, ande Jane didd hur parte as welle as shee cood.

Mennie a tyme shee must hav bean thankfull to nerss and guverniss fore havinge forsst hur to swallo, withe mennie teres and reemonstranssis, tappioker puddinge ore grownd rice, beefore shee was aloud to hav ennie of thee "uthur puddinge."

Wun addvenshur Jane hadd, witch shee needernt hav hadd, if shee hadd ownlie tayken mee with hur as escaught; butt their, shee beekaim sew innderpenndunt ande uppish thatt shee reefewsd to bee sean withe mee inn thee stretes—wye, I carnt immadgern, fore I'm shore I amm kwrite as nyce-lookinge as moast *brassilliun* menne, ande a grate deel mor inntresstinge thann mennie englishemenne!

Butt sew itt was, ande is; shee woant tayke mee innto thee stretes, ande sew shee getts innto trubbul.

Well, onn thiss okkayshurn, a kynde laidie—Mississ R.—hoom shee hadd mett sumwear, arskt hur if shee wood lyke to go to a konsurt att thee Brittish Klubb; of corss Jane sayde "Yess plese" inn hur nycest mannur, ande itt was araynged thatt thay wear to mete att thee Klubb. Thee orspisshus eavening aryved—plese noat thee littrie stile wenn tutchinge onn thinges soshul—as I was reemarkinge, thee orspisshus eavening aryved, and Jane, inn hur besst bibb ande tukkur, neyethur of witch fitted kwrite welle rownd thee nek, gott innto a trane at thee Rooah Formosar.† I doo *nott* saie *thee* trane, beecaws itt wasernt *thee* trane, itt was ownlie wun of mennie tranes. Shee payde hur penies to thee kollektur manne, ande sed, "Torrie"‡—pronownssing itt "Tory"—thee reesult of a libberul edyewcayshurn, witch in hur cayss has cawsd raddikul chayngis inn dyerekshurns

\*FEIJAÔ—beans cooked in thick gravy and eaten with the Farinha or flour made from the mandioca plant.

†RUA FORMOSA.

‡TORRE, a station on the suburban line.

wear she wood hav preefurrd to bee konsurvittiv—wear-uppon thee manne lookt att hur and sed sumthinge which shee coodernt undurstande.

Howevur, Jane has hur oan idears uppon thinges, ande "lay lo" like Breer Rabbitt, thinkinge thatt wenn shee kaym to thee plaice shee wood jest gett owt. Butt alarss! she didern't kum to *thee* plaice, itt was ownlie *a* plaice, jest beefore thee trane was goinge to kross thee rivvur. Shee hadd lorst hursellf inn thee darke, inn a savidge kuntrie, wear shee mite hav bean merderd and!! O! deare, I carnt bare to thinck of awl thee dredfull thinges thatt mite hav hapernd—but didern't!

Well, Jane sed nuthing to noboddie, butt gott owt of thatt trane, warkt bak allong thee lynes till shee kaym to thee bonde lyne (reeullie trew to itt's nayme thiss tyme); folode thatt ande fownd hur waie, hott ande dustie to thee Klubb. Thee konsurt was jest beegining, ande mye mutch-dissturbed "guyd, filosofur, ande frend" shylye slippt innto a seet neare thee dore, ande wissht sheed nevur bean bornd!

Howevur, Mississ R. soon sore hur, ande inntrodewsst hur to wun ore too uther laidies, ande sew itt awl turnd owt rite inn thee ende.

ENDE OF CHAPTUR WUN.

## "GERMANY AND THE GERMANS, FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW."

By PRICE COLLIER.

In his introduction, Mr. Collier says: "I have tried to make this book. . . a sketch . . . of what is on the other side of the great doors when the announcer speaks your name and you enter Germany."

The present floating antagonism towards political Ger-



many, which seems ever upon the point of crystallising and keeps us unpleasantly anxious, takes a hampering form in the schoolroom generation. Even with those who are ripe to appreciate literary and musical Germany, at first hand there is a grudging attitude, and it is hard work so to present Germany of to-day that she may be given just appreciation and an understanding sympathy and respect.

Mr. Collier's sketch of early German history, her development from Frederick to Bismarck, of the "land of damned professors," of "the Indiscreet," is honest and enlightening, while his treatment of the origins and workings of this autocracy, the position of women, the national temperament, etc., really brings these questions into focus, and should cure any tendency to look askance at the nation or her idiosyncrasies. By his outspoken, but penetrating criticism he makes a very successful effort to help older nations to respect Germany, and to show her antagonising traits in their just proportions.

On current questions, such as State-owned railways, old age pensions, insurance, there is a warning against drawing parallels between a State like Prussia, which is a "close corporation," and a democratic country like the U.S.A. or England. The chapter on Berlin is interesting both for the complete picture of that capital and the side-light incidentally thrown on the U.S.A. city government, by Mr. Collier's wondering admiration of a "public" service, which is a guardian, not a predatory organisation—for the benefit of the people, not for the benefit of a political aristocracy.

A few extracts may interest those who have not yet read any of Mr. Collier's books.

"Criticism is temptingly easy when it consists . . . in merely noting what is different, or what is not there. Helpful criticism, I take to be the discovering of what is there, and its revelation, with an examination of its history, its truth,

and its value. This kind of criticism is close to creation itself."

"I, for one, consider that not to know German and Germany is nowadays not to be fully educated."

"We should at least give every man as fair a chance to receive our good opinion as we give a picture. We should put him in a good light before we criticise him."

"Germany is autocratic, philosophical and continental; England is democratic, political, and insular. It is hopeless to suppose that the great mass of people in either country will understand the other, and . . . it is wholly unnecessary."

"Germany has not made friends . . . first, I believe, because he is a newcomer; and, "A new cock in the barnyard is never received with great cordiality."

"When Germany deals with the inanimate and amenable factors of life, she brings the machinery of modern civilisation well-nigh to perfection. But . . . art has nothing to do with brooms and dust-pans, and human nature is woven of surprises and emergencies, and what then?"

"I do not go to Germany to discover how American is Germany . . . but to Germany to discover how German is Germany."

"I trust I am no swashbuckler, but I have the greatest sympathy with the present Emperor in his capacity as War-Lord, and in his insistent stiffening of Germany's martial backbone. . . . If he rattles the sabre occasionally, it is because the time has not come yet when this German people can be allowed to forget what they have suffered from foreign conquerors, and what they must do to protect themselves from a repetition of history."

"I claim that it braces the mind to expose the body."

"It is a very strenuous and economical existence . . . for everybody, and it requires a politically tame population to be thus driven."



"One can judge, not incorrectly, of the status of women in a country by the manners and habits of the men, entirely dissociated from their relations to women."

"When one opens the door to a knock to find a gentleman, a small mirror in one hand, and a tiny brush in the other, preparing himself for his entrance . . . you are bound to think that these persons are in the childhood days of personal hygiene, as, indeed, they are."

"In no other country is the animal man so naïvely vain, so deliciously self-conscious, so untrained in the ways of the polite world, so serenely oblivious, not merely of the rights of women, but of the courtesy of the strong to the weak. It is the only country I have visited where the hands of the men are better cared for than the hands of the women; and this is not a pleasant commentary on the question of who does the rough work, and who has the vanity, and who the leisure for a meticulous toilet?"

"I am not writing of the nobility and of the corps of officers in this connection . . . of the scores of them I have met . . . I have only to say that they are as courteous, as unwilling to offend or take advantage, as are brave men in other countries I know. I am writing of the average man and woman, those who make up the bulk of every population. . . ."

"These gross manners are the result of two factors in German life. . . . They are a poor people, only just emerging from poverty, slavery, and disaster. . . . They do not know how to use their new freedom. The other factor is the rigid caste system of their social habits. There is no association between the officers, nobility, the official, the cultured classes, and the middle and lower classes."

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Perhaps these mangled fragments taken from the lighter parts of the book may give some idea of the writer's attitude and his convincing contradictions.